

OLD 97'S

The image features two stylized, muscular figures of Old 97's in a desert setting. The figures are rendered in a light, textured material, possibly resin or plaster, and are dressed in simple, rugged clothing. They are positioned on either side of the center, each holding a long, cylindrical object (likely a canteen or a small barrel) across their shoulders. The background is a vibrant, fiery orange and red, suggesting a sunset or a desert fire. In the foreground, several green, stylized cacti are scattered across the ground. The overall aesthetic is reminiscent of classic Western art.

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TOO FAR TO CARE

TIMEBOMB



BARRIER
2. REEF

THREE
BROADWAY

4.
Salome

W. TX Teardrops

5.



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Melt Show

SIX:

STREETS OF WHERE I'M FROM

seven:

8. Big
Brown
Eyes

9. Just Like
California

TEN:

Curtain Calls

Eleven:
Niteclub

12.
HOUSE THAT
USED TO BE

THIRTEEN:

Four Leaf Clover



Recorded
produced
and mixed
by Wally Gagel

62050-2

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Elektra

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700 FEAR TO CARE

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OLD

7'S



TIMEBOMB

I got a timebomb in my mind mom / I hear it ticking
but I don't know why / I'd call the police but they
don't like me / I hear them whispering when
I walk by / I got a landmine in my bloodline / I'm not
immune to getting blown apart / She's like a
claymore that's what she's there for / She's waiting
'round here to get blown apart / Having her on my
brain's like getting hit by a train / she's gonna kill me
oh Celeste oh Celeste / I got timebomb in my mind
mom / It's gonna go off but I don't know when
I need a doctor to extract her / I got a feeling she'd
get right back in again / I got a timebomb in my mind
mom / I got it badly for a stick-legged girl / She's
gonna kill me and / I don't mean softly
I got it badly for a stick-legged girl

BARRIER REEF

The Empty Bottle was half-empty tide was low and I
was thirsty / Saw her sitting at the bar you know
how some girls are / Always making eyes well she
wasn't making eyes / So I sidled up beside her
settled down and shouted hi there / My name's
Stewart Ransom Miller I'm a serial lady killer
She said I'm already dead that's exactly what she
said / So we tripped the lights fantastic we was both
made of elastic / Midnight came and midnight went
and I thought I was the president / She said do you
have a car and I said do I have a car? / What's so
great about the barrier reef / What's so fine about art
What's so good about a Good Times Van™
When you're working on a broken working on a
broken / Working on a broken man / My heart wasn't
in it not for one single minute / I went through the
motions with her her on top and me on liquor
Didn't do no good well I didn't think it would

BROADWAY

In a hotel room just off Times Square it's like a closet
I can watch the dancing class go round / In a hotel
room that costs as much as my apartment / I can
watch the working class go down / And it's enough
to make a crooked man go straight / Broadway
In a hotel room just off Times Square they made
a monster / He was unaware of what went down
Fattening him up just like a calf before a slaughter
He'd had his fill of hollow town / And it's enough to
make a stupid man think straight / Broadway
And it's enough to make a crooked man go straight
Broadway

SALOME

Salome uncross your heart
I know what goes on inside it's over before it starts
I'll stay all night well I'll wait right here / The full
moon might work magic girl but I won't disappear
And I'm tired of making friends and I'm tired of
making time / And I'm sick to death of love and
I'm sick to death of trying / And it's easier for you
yeah it's easier for you / Salome untie my hands
I'll find another lady / And you'll wreck another man
It's over now and so are we / My blood's turned to
dirt girl you broke / every part of me

W. TX TEARDROPS

Well the roadmaps of west Texas never gave me
good advice / The trains all roll where the roads
don't go and I'd lay awake at night / Just wondering
where the rest is so I hit that iron gate
And yelled good-bye to that wife of mine I may be
running late / I'm a-rolling on I'm a-rolling on
Rolling out past El Paso Texas where I might have
had a home / I made my bed so here I lie
I'm rolling west Texas teardrops in my eye / Though I
felt a lonesome feeling in Dulce, New Mexico / I was
happier than I'd ever been in my El Paso home
But I thought about the woman whom I left to roam
the land / and I cried so much it dug a rut they call
the Rio Grande / And my destination is
written up on my feet / And the stars above are
about the only company I keep / I raise my pass and
take my seat / I'm rolling fast with a teardrop on my
cheek / So I guess there'll be no family so I guess
there'll be no wife / Gonna roll away on an old steel
dray it's gonna be my life / And the roadmaps I been
reading I never came to figure out / All I know is
I'd explode by any other route

MELT SHOW

In the front row at the Melt show
I fall in love with you and that was three weeks ago
We fooled around you let me have it for free
Yeah it worked out real nice / I showed you how to
and you showed me paradise / Now you're killing
time and it's killing me / And is this more than some
old summer fling / This thing we have will it mean
anything / When October rolls around will you sober
up and let me down / Will you sober up and let
me down / There's a schoolyard out the back door
I used to love it but / I don't believe in school no
more / You don't learn anything you're just waiting
around / With your big brains and your know-how
If there was a reason you'd have figured it out
by now / A little getting some's good while you're
waiting around / Now my bad dream is
my best friend / You were here last night
but now you're gone again
I'm tired of you getting tired of me

STREETS OF WHERE I'M FROM

I been down I been down too far to care
I keep getting in my car but I'm not going anywhere
And I been had well at least that's how it looks
And it's not funny like on t.v. and it's not smart like it
is in books / And I wonder yeah I wonder how the
world keeps spinning 'round / Where's a boy with
bad intentions gonna settle down / And I don't know
what you been told / The streets of where
I'm from are paved with hearts instead of gold
The streets of where I'm from are paved with hearts
instead of gold / I recall when I was 23 / Wondering
how anyone could fall in love with me / Now I'm old
hell I'm well past 25 / And I can't seem to fall in love
no matter how I try / And I wonder where I'll wind up
but I'm headed west I know / Wind my way through
Texas and into New Mexico

BIG BROWN EYES

Big brown eyes and a gust of wind
And the cherry burns a corner of the page that says
the end / Is coming soon not soon enough
Restraining all your guitars pack up all your stuff
'Cause if Robert's dad is right / We might not make it
through the night / And I'd hate to go alone please
pick up the phone / Well a box of red and a pill or
three / And I'm calling time and temperature just for
some company / I wish you were here I wish I was
too / I'll drink myself to sleeplessness I always do
You don't want me anymore / Since fame and fortune
broke down our door / You don't give me no respect
what did I expect / And if that phone don't ring one
more time / I'm gonna lose what's left of my mind
You made a big impression for a girl of your size
Now I can't get by without you and your big brown
eyes / Her hands are cold her breath is warm she's
a part in a storm / And I'm worried now but it won't
be long / It takes a worried man you know to sing a
worried song / And I got issues yeah like I miss you
yeah / And I wish I weren't so thick
I'm making myself sick

JUST LIKE CALIFORNIA

Just like California was not even there
Since it's gone I'm so withdrawn I ain't got no one
nowhere / Right beside the ocean my darling
Clementine / Well the water got high and she never
got dry and / She was a water sign / Time is on my
bad side / Half the way there just wouldn't be fair so
we're going all the way tonight / Just like California
to make a fool of me / Steal the sideshow burn the
disco slide into the sea / I'm a thinking person I think
that it's wrong / To keep on saying true love's waiting
when true love is long gone

CURTAIN CALLS

In a western town beneath the northern lights
Where the pine trees pine for the fall of night
You believe in cards and you believe in signs
And I'll be leaving soon but I'm here tonight
On a mountainside well below the stars
You keep your lovers' eyes in mason jars
And I should be scared but I feel no fear
'Cause I'll be leaving soon but tonight I'm here
And even if the tea leaves are right / And even if the
cards are all true / When the curtain calls oh baby
what's a boy to do / Well the Southern P moved her
family down / Then along came me to her sleepy
town / I don't believe in cards I don't believe in signs
But I'll be leaving soon I'm here tonight / And even if
you were the one and even if I tried to be true
When the curtain calls oh baby what's a boy to do
In a western town beneath the northern lights
Where the pine trees pine for the fall of night
Don't believe in me did I make that clear
'Cause I'll be long gone soon but tonight I'm here
Even if you were the one I didn't want to
walk out on you / But when the curtain calls oh baby
what's a boy to do

NITECLUB

Eighteen-hundred miles from this old nightclub
A girl is turning twenty-two today / How am I
supposed to entertain you / My fingertips are
worthless when my mind's so far away / Eighteen-
hundred miles from Manhattan / The nightclub
yawns and opens up its doors / Thank God that
I don't have to pay the cover / Every night I'm broker
than I was the night before / This old nightclub stole
my youth / And this old nightclub stole my true love
It follows me around from town to town / I just might
get drunk tonight and burn the nightclub down
Telephones make strangers out of lovers / Whiskey
makes the strangers all look good / Well my angel of
the morning is in mourning / My life was misspent
don't let me be misunderstood

HOUSE THAT USED TO BE

Do you want to wind up in a graveyard
Like a number on a scorecard / They're gonna wrap
you up in corn silk / They're gonna cry like you were
spilt milk / You'd better take another Quaalude
And get yourself corkscrewed / I understand that
you got cold feet / But why'd you have to take them
down a side street / I must be dumber than
a spit-curl / I got hung up on a showgirl / Now I look
like I'm a scarecrow / I might as well go on a talk
show / This ain't our home anymore it's just four
walls and a floor / Home is where you get the goods
for free / This is just the house that used to be the
house that used to be / Do you want to wind up in a
graveyard / Just another girl who co-starred
They're gonna wrap you up in corn silk
They're gonna cry / like you were spilt milk / And in
the far-off wail of freight trains / And in the lonely
howl of great danes / I hear the girl I lost
forever / I hear the girl I lost forever

FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I got a four leaf clover it ain't done one single
lick of good / I'm still a drunk I'm still a loser
Living in a lousy neighborhood / I got a real live
horseshoe and I hung it upside-down above my door
But it don't do nothing to attract you / So I don't
know what the hell it's for / Why don't you come over
I'll show you my four leaf clover / Who'm I trying to
kid I'm not the kind of guy you'd go for / I got a four
leaf clover but I ain't got no hope of getting you
I got a lucky silver dollar my granddaddy gave it to
me now he's dead / Times like this I wish that I
could join him / Might just stop this pounding
in my head



1. TIMEBOMB (3:08)
2. BARRIER REEF (3:49)
3. BROADWAY (3:22)
4. SALOME (4:07)
5. W. TX TEARDROPS (3:05)
6. MELT SHOW (3:07)
7. STREETS OF WHERE I'M FROM (3:15)
8. BIG BROWN EYES (4:23)
9. JUST LIKE CALIFORNIA (2:33)
10. CURTAIN CALLS (4:18)
11. NITECLUB (3:49)
12. HOUSE THAT USED TO BE (4:08)
13. FOUR LEAF CLOVER (3:20)



OLD 97'S ARE:

KEN BETHEA - GUITARS

MURRY HAMMOND - BASS GUITAR, VOCALS

RHETT MILLER - GUITARS, VOCALS

PHILIP PEEPLES - DRUMS, PERCUSSION

ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:

EXENE CERVENKOVA - VOCALS ON "FOUR LEAF CLOVER"

WALLY GAGEL - PIANO, MELLOTRON, PERCUSSION

JON RAUHOUSE - PEDAL STEEL, BANJO

Exene Cervenkova appears courtesy of Auntie Christ
and Lookout! Records

Wally Gagel appears courtesy of
Orbit and A&M Records

Jon Rauhouse appears courtesy of
Grievous Angels and Bloodshot Records

All songs by Old 97's. Christburger Music (BMI).

Recorded, produced and mixed by Wally Gagel

Recorded at Village Productions, Torpillo, TX Overdubs and
mixing at Dreamland, Woodstock, NY

Additional engineering: Sue Kapa
Drum Tech: Carl Plaster

Mastered by Dave Collins at A&M Studios (assisted by Andrew Garver)

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Art Direction & Design: Jim deBarros

Photography: Chris Gorman

Band photography: Danny Clinch

E-mail: Old97s@primaview.com

<http://www.old97s.com>

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Management: Big West Productions

A&R: Tom DeSavia & Ron Laffitte

Assistant A&R: Chris Walters

Booking: Frank Riley at Monterey Peninsula Artists



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